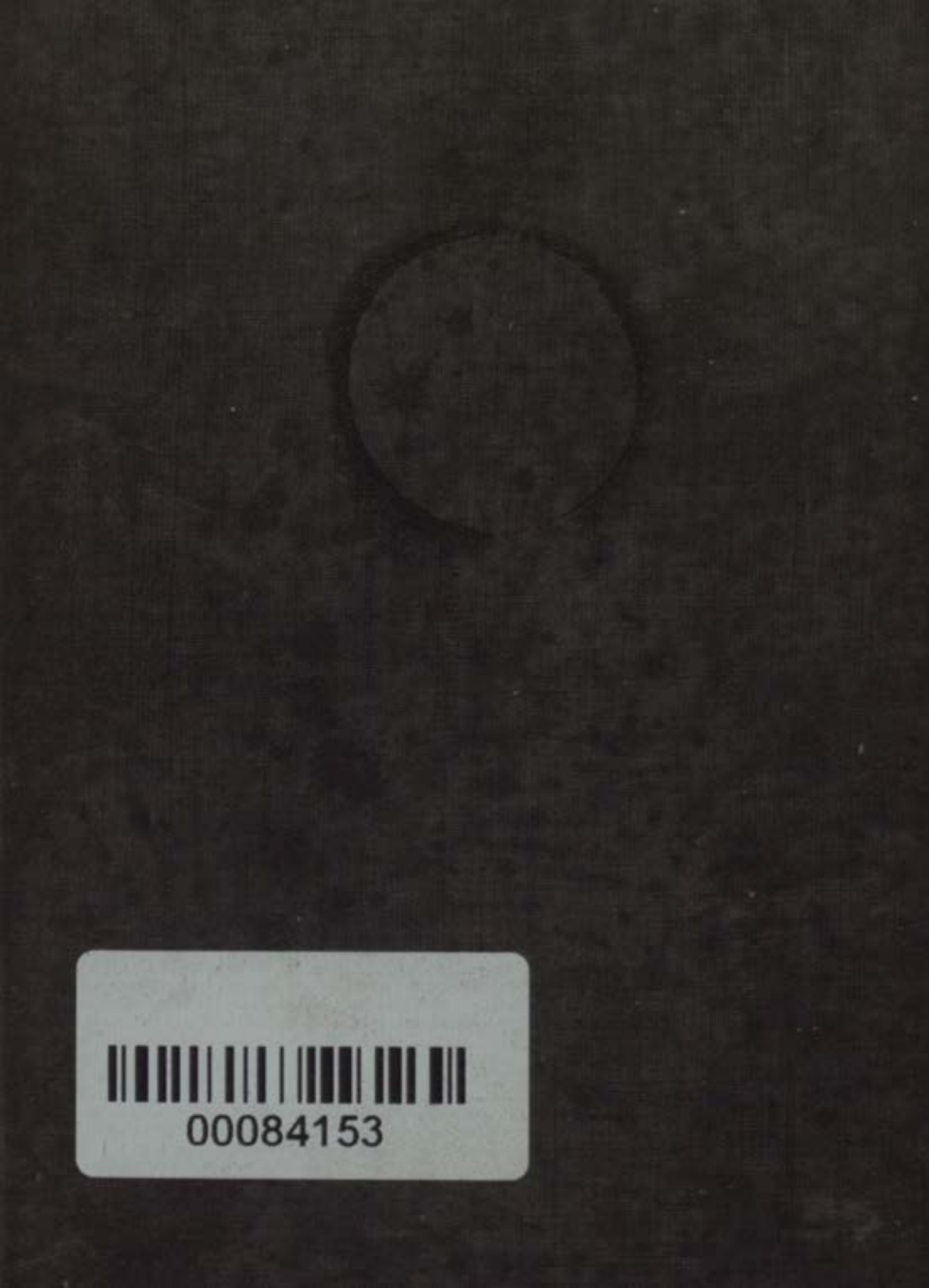

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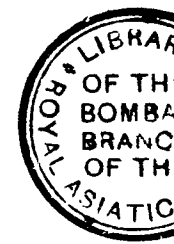
WAYFARERS RESTING ON OLD HIGH ROAD FROM TOKIO TO KIOTO.

The village in the distance is Suzukawa, which is often visited, as one of the finest views of the sacred mountain of Fujiyama is to be had in the neighbourhood.

THINGS SEEN IN JAPAN



BY

CLIVE HOLLAND

AUTHOR OF
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The Glamour of Japan

Things Seen in Japan

CHAPTER I

THE GLAMOUR OF JAPAN

Chrysanthemum Land—The Flower Spirit—The Four Seasons in Japan—Japanese Gardens and Gardeners.

AROUND the land of the cherry-blossom and chrysanthemum, the island kingdom of the Mikado, there lingers, even in these days when it has adopted submarines and Krupp guns, and builds huge battleships, a savour of romance which those who know it may well wish to continue long. Although Japan—that is, the new Japan—seems smitten with the very spirit of modernity, it must be many years ere the

glamour which in past times has surrounded that island kingdom set in an Eastern sea entirely fades.

The people of this favoured, fertile land, which possesses so great a variety of flowers and such exquisite and varied scenery, have from time immemorial been actuated by a deep and far-reaching love of their country, as well as by a keen artistic sense of beauty, and whilst becoming one of the most progressive races of modern times, have yet been saved from the mere materialism which comes so often in the trail of successes won in the fields of commerce and of war.

The old impressions of Japan which linger in the pages of writers describing the people and the country of thirty or fifty years ago are in a measure still true, in so much as they refer to the national spirit, to the scenery, and to the simplicity of life

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A RESTFUL RETREAT BY THE LAKE, KINKAKUJI MONASTERY.

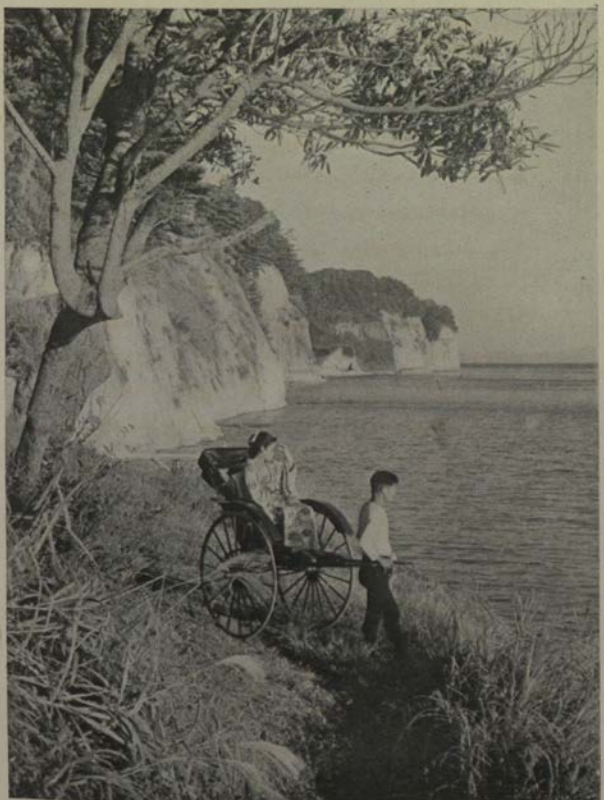
which still distinguishes this great people. But Japan can no longer be thought of as what a humourist once called "the kingdom of the two G's—the land of gardens and geishas." It is now a land in which art, beauty, and all that is most modern strangely meet on common ground and still exist side by side.

The glamour of this land, which has captivated all who know it, is as difficult to explain as are the charms of some pictures and some music. It is not entirely its loveliness nor the interest of its people, but a combination of both, made still more attractive by the fact that each seems the complement of the other.

The love of flowers is one of the most distinctive features of the Japanese people's lives, and, indeed, existence without them would to most Japanese be but monotonous and dreary.

Nature must have known this, for in the Far Eastern land which lies like a green and flower-bedecked jewel in the wide sea there is a succession of flowers year in, year out, which must have fostered the love of them in the hearts of the race. Sometimes, of course, they are scanty, but there is always some blossom to cheer the way, and some spot to which the weary eye may surely turn for pleasure and refreshment. At many times during the year, of course, Nature is generous to profusion, and the reverence which seems to be inherent in the Japanese people for the flowers, as though the blossoms contained in their hearts some sprite or fairy creature, approaches even an intoxication of delight.

In Japan flowers, more especially the first of each kind, are regarded with a solemn and almost serious reverence. This love of Nature's children is an active admira-



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LOOKING OUT ALMOST DUE EAST TO THE PACIFIC.

The lady dressed in a *kimono* of figured silk is riding in a *jinriksha*. The coolies who draw these are generally very muscular fellows.

tion, and is derived, not from the casual glance at something beautiful, but is almost always the result of careful and prolonged study. Ask a Japanese child who looks at some delicate blossom what it sees, and one will have in all probability, if the child is intelligent, a vivid picture of the details of the blossom, and more than a casual mention of its kind and colour.

Throughout the floral year of Japan the path of the days seems strewn with various brilliant blossoms. Into the life of the people and those who dwell with them seems inextricably woven the flower spirit, and almost every event, whether festival, holiday, or tea-drinking, and even some of the more ordinary happenings of life, has a floral accompaniment. And how varied in scent and colour are these things! Ever changing as the seasons pass, they present sometimes a colour scheme in a low key, at

others a blaze of almost unexampled brilliance.

In one of the most vivid books descriptive of the war was a beautiful story which illustrates the ineradicable love of flowers which distinguishes the Japanese race.

A battalion of Japanese were making one of the many fierce assaults upon the hills surrounding Port Arthur. Their advance had evidently been discovered, for the great guns of the citadel were pouring shells over the hill almost on the spot of the regiment's advance. Amidst the crash and bursting of projectiles and the groans of wounded comrades a soldier almost trod upon a little floweret growing upon the hillside in solitary beauty. It was a blossom common alike to China and Japan, and, forgetful for the moment of aught else, and possibly overwhelmed by some memory of a garden far away in his native land, he stooped and

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THE PORCH OF A KIOTO TEAHOUSE.

Notice the lovely wistaria blossom.

carefully plucked the blossom amid the hail of shrapnel and placed it in his knapsack. Then he hurried forward to take his place with the foremost of his companions in the thick of the danger and in the fury of the attack.

Few soldiers—few men, indeed—would have paused for an instant to rescue the tiny blossom from the risk of destruction, or allowed at such a moment the tender human element of the flower spirit to possess him.

In no country in the world are flowers and floral decoration so inseparable from the daily life of the people as in Japan. Each tea-house, most of the private houses, and every temple has its stretch of garden brilliant with flowers and sweet with the scent of them. Even in the big cities like Tokio, Yokohama, and Nagasaki, where space is of value, if there is no garden of

beds and borders, there is usually a garden of pots and boxes, scarcely less beautiful, with its wealth of scented blossom.

The Japanese gardener is not only a skilful workman, but a man of art, and even magic. In this land of flowers he makes beautiful the most unpromising materials, whether they be scanty roadside gardens or the rocky slopes, almost destitute of soil, of some of the hillsides. In the Japanese year each month has a flower dedicated to it, and some have two. In the month of January the trees are bare, the turf seems to all appearance dead—that is, to all those who do not know the strange habits of Corean grass—the garden is brown, and the palms and other similar plants are carefully wrapped in their warm winter coverings of straw, which bear the name of *kimono*, and are therefore, literally speaking, clothes.

But notwithstanding this, there is the bright yellow arabis in bloom, and a rich promise of future beauty and colour. In the streets of towns the people, whose love of flowers never dies, are seen carrying tenderly homeward big bunches of twigs, on which only a careful inspection enables one to discover a few half-open blossoms. In even these scantily beflowered twigs the Japanese can conceive possibilities of arrangement and beauty which would suggest themselves to few other people.

In Japan many a quaint conceit and poetical idea has crept into the names of flowers and plants. In *Saikan no san yu* ("the three friends of Winter"), for example, one finds the common plum, the pine, and the bamboo figuring. And remembering that the plum denotes sweetness (joy), the pine long life, and the bamboo uprightness, there is a dainty and

symbolic idea in presenting these as expressions of good wishes for the New Year.

At this early part of the year Nature has not an easy task, even in Japan, to foster the buds and shoots which venture forth with rich promise for the coming months. Amid the sombre stateliness of pine-branches and the bright green shoots of bamboo, there is, however, a wealth of jonquils in sheltered positions, crimson-berried nanten, and the pink-berried mistletoe, called *Loranthus yadoriki*, which in a measure seems to serve in place of the white of more Western climes—pink pearl-like berries set amidst a filigree of tender and darkling green.

Snow in Japan seems strangely out of place, but it is the farmers' joy, though it often turns February days into seasons of discomfort and threatens the coming flowers. Amid the snowflakes sprout the

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THE GOLDEN PAVILION AT KINKAKUJI.

This pavilion was once the retreat of an ex-monarch.

tiny yellow blossoms of the Nankin *mume* (Nankin plum), and the Japanese hail the somewhat insignificant flower-buds with almost extravagant joy. A new means of decorative arrangement has come upon the earth, and in the yellow flowers the native mind reads promise rather than performance.

With March a change comes over the landscape, which no longer presents the somewhat dull-coloured picture of Nature's rest-time: the great plum-trees are about to burst into the full glory of blossoms—pink, white, and sometimes deep scarlet. The plums and nightingales arrive together, and to the songs of the birds are added those of the poets, who sing of the plum as "first-fruits of flowering Nature," "the oldest flowers of Mother Earth," "feathers from Nature's white wings," and "flowers whichall the day through make snowlight with their glistening, falling petals."

The Glamour of Japan

Strange as it may appear, some of the temples are famous rather for their exquisite groves of plum-trees, peach-trees, and cherry-trees than for their gods. To the courts and avenues of these in Spring come crowds of happy Japanese to admire — nay, almost worship—Nature's bounteous display of blossom, write poetry, paint, or drink *sake*, or tea, under the rose-hued or snow-white canopy of blossoming branches. By printed words and uncoloured engravings alike it is impossible to convey any adequate idea of the exquisite scene—such a picture, indeed, as is to be witnessed in Shiba Park, Tokio, once the property of a great Buddhist temple, now the playground of children and even grown men and women, who come and go as they please without let or hindrance, and who, unlike Europeans, neither desecrate the magnificent tombs of the ancient Shoguns by chipping and

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UNDER THE CHERRY-BLOSSOM IN SHIBA PARK, TOKIO.

This is the main avenue of the park. The people are of the middle class. Japan is a happy land for children. They are taught implicit obedience to their parents, but family affection is profound. Toys are ingenious and cheap, wholesome sweets abound.

scrawling upon them nor denude the trees of their wealth of blossom.

The old order changes nowadays in Japan as elsewhere, and in the cities, alas! the artistic and beautiful national dress of men and women is already, in a measure, being displaced by the ugly utilitarian garments of the West. The "billycock" covers the once bare head; the cloth or silk umbrella is replacing the dainty thing of paper and bamboo; even the babies are occasionally seen riding in a mail-cart, instead of being carried picturesquely slung over the shoulders of their elder sisters or nurses. But, happily, change does not touch the blossoming trees of temples, gardens, and hillsides, whose age seems but to make them more varied in colour and to clothe their withered and often mossy branches with a richer garment of blossom. It is to these groves that lovers in the past

used to come and hang (in the country districts those of the present day still do so), their verses upon the flower-laden branches, while dainty *musumés* wandered forth to read, and disingenuously wonder how the messages came there.

The plum-tree blossom has a warm corner in the native heart, to which its beauty, fragility, delicate perfume and early coming after wintry days fully entitle it.

A poet has written :

> "Home friends change and change,
> Years pass quickly by;
> Scent of our ancient plum-tree,
> Thou dost never die."

And in the hoary age of some of these giant plum-trees, with their riotous wealth of blossom, there almost seems to dwell the promise of eternity.

A little later and Japan deserves the

description of a garden of flowers. The plum blossom is not yet all over, and its exquisite beauty has been reinforced by the magnolia, camellia, and the dwarf trees and flowering plants heavy with bloom, amongst them the exquisite white *Pyrus japonica.*

The camellia of England! A humble sister to that of Japan indeed, where in almost every sheltered spot huge trees laden with myriads of white, red, and variegated blossoms, amid their glossy dark green foliage, greet the eye. They grow by the roadside, and the winds drift their blood-red or snowy petals into heaps along the hedgerows. And the tiny streams which trickle down the hillside on their way to the larger rivers or the sea bear upon them flotillas of tiny boat-like petals, red and white, whose incurved shape enables them to float sometimes for miles before destruction.

The Glamour of Japan

By the end of March all the gardens are a-bloom with many flowers. New ones spring to life daily. There are the scented daphnes everywhere, with tiny pink and white blossoms; the Japanese paper plant, *mitsumata*, with its golden ball-like flowers, and the beautiful kaido, called by the Japanese the "noble flowers," a favourite with maidens, artists, and poets alike. Then, too, there are the snow-white, pink, and deep crimson varieties of Pyrus making the gardens gay and beautiful beyond description.

With April comes the cherry-blossom, and with it fade the memories of dull, dark days, and the cold of past winds and rain. Even so great a city as Tokio becomes a lovely place. The grass in parks and gardens has again become green, and the cherry-trees are laden with pink-and-white blossom, mingling with the crimson

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PICNICKING UNDER THE CHERRY-BLOSSOM IN KIOTO.

The family is a middle-class one. Tea is of course included; also, no doubt, sweet rice-cakes, for the Japanese has a sweet tooth.

of the peach. On the hillside throughout the land the budding maples give a crimson note amid the green, and there is a wealth of flowering plants on every hand. But it is the cherry-blossom which reigns supreme in the affections of the Japanese at this time. Nature has spread a white-and-pink carpet beneath the trees, and as a Japanese poet would say: "A nacre-coloured cloud falls out of the sunny sky."

It is the cherry-blossom festival, and every dainty *musumé* and every other woman dons her fairest and most beautiful *kimono* and knots her richest *obi* to sally forth to view the cherry-blossom. Throughout the land are many tiny festivals of the wonderful cherry-tree. In Shiba Park, Tokio, the laughing, merry throng surges from early morning till sunset, keeping happy festival, perhaps, —who knows?—calling back for the nonce to earth the kindly spirits of dead ancestors

who in ages past planted the trees, whose beautiful raiment of blossom now gives such unalloyed and simple pleasure to their souls. At dead of night, maybe, these gentle ghosts come forth out of their ancient tombs, and tread the exquisite carpet of fallen petals beneath the trees, and wonder whether things are as they were in ages gone.

"Blessed be those who planted the cherry-trees," is a Japanese saying to which any who knows their loveliness can surely utter a fervent "Amen."

Of these fallen exquisite petals a Japanese poet has sung:

> "Who knows? the Spring's soft showers
> May be but tears shed by a sorrowing sky."

And just as the beauty of the coming and present blossom appeals with extraordinary strength and tenderness to the spirit of the

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UNDER THE WISTARIA BLOSSOM IN A TOKIO GARDEN.

The bridge is two-storied; the arched portion has stairs up it.

Japanese, so (as one can gather from the foregoing lines) do the fading petals infect it with sadness for the time.

The season of cherry-blossom is the season of flower visits—those delicately-thought-out social functions peculiar to this people; and should the knowledge come to dwellers in the town that in the outlying villages there are belated cherry-trees in bloom, the fact is noted and made the excuse for an excursion.

Soon after the cherry-blossoms comes the graceful wistaria, wreathing the bridges in the parks and country, the tea-house balconies, and the trellis-work of garden in a mantle of delicate lilac-clustered blossom, The wealth of wistaria for a brief time dominates the gardens and houses, and forms the chief glory of the Kameido temple grounds. Then later comes such a galaxy of bloom that description in detail would

seem but a catalogue; amongst it, columbines, lady's-slippers, purple magnolias, and the gorgeous tree peonies.

Afterwards come the irises, whose beautiful flowers are supposed to be potent charms against all evil spirits. In the bath-houses one finds iris water for bathers, and the superstitious hang in simple faith bunches of the leaves and flowers from their roof-trees. In the month of May the boys' festival takes place, and that of the iris. And anciently the youngsters made ropes of the flowers, and beat the ground with them, skipping-rope fashion, to drive away the evil demons from their festival. Nowadays the rite seems dying out, except in scattered villages, where still survive many quaint and even beautiful superstitions.

With full summer come the roses, spiræa, fragile clematis, the lovely day-lilies; whilst the irises still linger on the edges of rivulets

pools or in banks along the ridges of ry cottages. Hydrangeas, stately and , but delicate in colour; the *hime yuri* "young lady lily"; the "wheel" lily; and golden-flowered *Diospyros kaki*, the mn fruit of which is so beloved.

In high summer those of the Japanese can, flee to the hills, which literally ve with the thick clusters of the crimson a. This flower, so often sung of by poets, is set around in both Japanese verse and prose with quaint and charming imagery. One writer says of the hillsides upon which he had gazed: "Methought the goddess Sao-hime, spirit of the mountains, had passed that way, and that my eyes caught a glimpse of her trailing scarlet skirts."

Later in the year, when the maples on the hillsides are about to put on their autumn glory, there are many new flowers

competing in Nature's coloured chorus f praise and admiration. Lilies of ma kinds: huge heads of the *Lilium auratu* the delicate pink flowers of the *Liliu speciosum*; and the elegant spikes of snow white candle-plant.

Then ponds and lakes are decked with lotus blooms, the symbols to the Japanese of purity: beautiful white-and-pink blossoms proceeding from plants rooted in the mud; flowers set round with a fringe of wide shapely leaves, the pale blue under colouring of which shines in the moonlight like steel mirrors.

Then a little later the gardens are ablaze with morning glory, marigolds, hibiscus, and gorgeous cockscombs.

But the crown of the year is yet to come, when the chrysanthemum blooms to cheer and delight the eye. These autumn flowers are the last of the "four gentlemen," the

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A PINE-TREE TRAINED INTO THE SHAPE OF A BOAT.

The buildings are part of a Buddhist monastery. The gardener was a priest, who started this elaborate wonder some two hundred years ago, and his successors have continued it ever since. The framework which preserves the shape is of bamboo.

others of which are *mume*, the plum; *ran*, the orchis; *také*, the bamboo. In the gardens are a profusion of these beautiful blossoms. Through the streets they are borne by the flower-sellers on flat trays swung by bamboo framework to the end of long poles. It is the festival of the chrysanthemum, the apotheosis of the gardener's skill and art. On some single plants this wonderful and almost mystic skill has produced several hundred blooms—lovely fragile flowers whose decorative value the Japanese know so well.

"When the blossoms are few, we value the trees," is a local Japanese saying. And into the cultivation of these what a world of patience and ingenuity is frequently thrown! The wonderful "Junk" tree of the picture is but one of many curious and interesting forms into which patience—infinite and minute—can train foliage. In

some Japanese gardens one almost has a menagerie of birds and beasts. At night, when blue shadows are about, the shapes have a terrifying effect, and one wonders at the temerity of the man who has spent perhaps a lifetime in gaining his effects.

In the memory, however, linger only the flowers—beautiful, beloved, treasured of the people; gifted, so they say, with a mission of beauty and light to careless mortals.

On Many Subjects

PHEASANT AND BAMBOO.
(From a woodcut after Kano Tsunenobu.)

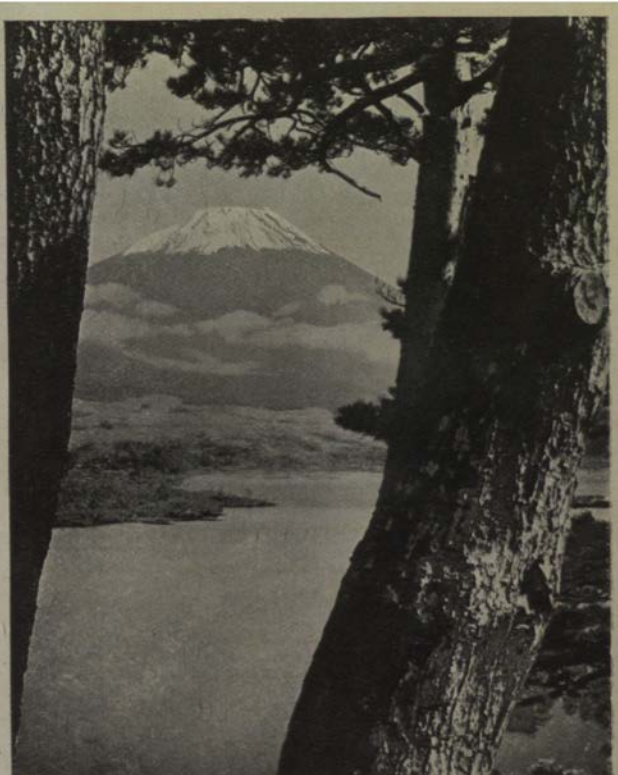
CHAPTER II

ON MANY SUBJECTS

Vagaries of the Japanese Language—The Gentle Caller—Dinners and Dishes—The Ubiquitous Bath—The "Honourable" Bed—A Japanese Night and its "Spirits"—A Japanese Morning.

IT was certainly a strange freak of Nature or Fate—call it which you will—which associated a singularly simple people (we refer to their modes of life and emotions, not to their intelligence) with a most complicated language. The demerits and difficulties of the German tongue so eloquently described by Mark Twain in "A Tramp Abroad" indeed pale before the intricacies of the written and even spoken language of Japan. One cannot learn the

alphabet, as we understand the word, because there is none. In place of it there are two sets of syllables, and six ways of writing the one most commonly used. But this — alas for the enterprising "foreign devil" who wishes to attain proficiency! — is not the end; for to be able to read the *Jiji Shimpo* or other newspaper with any degree of fluency a matter of three or four thousand ideographs will have to be committed to memory. To complicate matters still further, and, as a friend once somewhat plaintively said to discourage a study of the language, these may be written in two different ways by the average man, and further varied considerably in the case of the well educated. They also may have several meanings, each according to the context. It does not tend to rapid progress, too, that in the pages of most books and newspapers the different forms these multi-



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FUJIYAMA, JAPAN'S SACRED MOUNTAIN.

About thirty thousand pilgrims climb to the top every summer to worship at a shrine on the summit.

tudinous characters are capable of taking may appear varied as the Japanese author's, printer's, or editor's taste may dictate.

The spoken language presents less difficulty, it is true, but that is only by comparison. There are, strictly speaking, only two parts of speech, the verb and the noun; but of what infinite contortions and arrangements these are capable even a cursory study of such a work (if it existed) as "Japanese without Tears" would speedily demonstrate. It is because the Japanese actually think in different "circles" from the European that the simplest sentence has a strange habit of becoming involved in convolutions of phraseology, perplexing and seemingly without rhyme or reason.

The entire upbringing of the Japanese man and woman from the day they first lisp a word of baby language is totally different from that of Europeans. In the

whole of the Japanese scheme of expression by words there are no pronouns. "I" and "you" have no real existence; the *idea* they produce in the mind is represented by a phrase. In referring to himself the idea presented to a Japanese mind is that of immodesty or selfishness. He therefore uses the word "watakooshi" which means selfishness; and when referring to you, his guest, he wraps up the idea of the simple pronoun in the phrase "honourable" or "most honourable side," the idea (difficult to comprehend by a Western mind) being that he refers to where you happen to be, which must be the place of honour, or honourable side of the room or other place.

It can be readily understood that the use of what we once heard not inaptly described as the "convoluted" pronoun is but child's play to the construction of a whole sentence in Japanese. There is a serious and able

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STEPPING-STONES IN THE LITTLE LAKE AT KUMAMATO.

The girls are *nesans* maids from a teahouse near by. They are the daughters of working people. The lake is shallow and artificial, the stones are arranged picturesquely, and in the distance may be seen a model of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain.

book on "Colloquial Japanese" which depicts the intricacies of the language with startling, and not unseldom amusing, clearness. From its pages we take a single example, which will more vividly than many lines of explanation show how wonderful a people this Far Eastern race must be to—use the language with which Providence has provided them.

They are a cleanly race—scarcely a traveller or tourist but is struck by this characteristic; when, however, they wish to express themselves regarding the inability to perform their ablutions, something of this sort takes place: "*Arau koto mo dekimasen deshita*," exclaims the Japanese, which being literally interpreted is, "Wash act even forth comes not was." The idea is there, of course, hidden away. But how much simpler, after all, to have said, "I cannot wash my hands."

This complication of language is not less marked, of course, when the occasion is of the nature of a ceremonial. On a visit, "Come in, do," becomes transmuted into, "Deign honourably to enter unworthy" (or any other depreciatory adjective) "house." And "Sit down" becomes "Condescend honourable rest to enjoy."

One may or may not, let it be added, be informed that the rest offered is "unworthy," "despicable," or "beneath one's notice"; but the host's polite depreciation of his belongings, though unlike that of Spaniards, who declare that everything is at one's disposal, and is, indeed, one's own, whilst nothing of the kind is really meant, is but another phase of the Japanese spirit and the workings of the Japanese mind.

Home life in Japan is full of gentle ceremonial. Just as flower decorations are

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O-HAYO (GOOD-MORNING).

Two pretty *Geisha* girls greeting one another in a temple garden in Kioto. Notice the sledge-shaped clogs they wear; they are kept on only by the straps over the toes.

a wonderful development of the truly artistic spirit, so is their politeness. The visiting ceremonial, the tea ceremonial, even that of offering the guest "an honourable bed," are studied phases of Japanese life, elaborate, though trivial in character, and in keeping with the apparently unsubstantial nature of their houses.

One strange thing is that neither the prostrations of elderly hosts nor the dainty head tappings upon the spotless matting of the tea-house *geishas* produce the effect that might be supposed. These things do not strike one as ridiculous.

The Japanese caller never seems in a hurry to leave. The passage of time writes no impression on his or her genial mind. To bow a half-score of times by way of introduction is not done in a moment; and after this, when the visitor is comfortably seated upon the floor or on a *zabuton*

(cushion), it does not seen worth while to hurry away.

Just as a Japanese would welcome an afternoon call extending until late in the evening, when one would have to grope one's way home in the country by the light of paper lanterns swaying softly upon bamboo rods, so the host in turn will most gratefully call early and stay until one or two meals have been consumed. Without rudeness it is impossible to suggest that calls are not to Western ideas usually extendable to the limits of daylight when commenced just after dawn! Guile must be used. But how terrible and sinful such a thing appears when brought to bear upon the polite little folk who enjoy staring at one so intensely, and are willing to eat unlimited supplies of "foreign" biscuits all day long, and even drink the inferior whisky which sometimes finds its way to

On Many Subjects

Japan! The convenient though often mendacious "not at home" of Western hosts and hostesses has no counterpart in this land of extreme politeness, and so one literally has to flee the house to escape callers. And then sometimes when one stealthily creeps back they may be still awaiting one's "honourable return"!

A Japanese dinner is as unlike an English meal as such a thing can be. If there are tables at all—their use is creeping into some of the houses of Japanese who have adopted Western ideas—they are quite low, more like stools, and are raised only a few inches above the floor. Generally one has the meal spread upon the spotless matting, the various dishes being placed on lacquered trays. Rice plays an important part at almost all meals, and is usually contained in a wooden barrel-like tub bound round with metal hoops. In dainty lacquer or

china bowls are all the strange delicacies which, whilst delighting the Japanese taste, prove more than mysterious to the European palate—tiny live fish, *satsuma imo* (sweet potatoes), *yoku ebi* (shrimps), *suika* (water-melon), *ichijiku* (figs), *kashi* (cakes), beans and prunes in sugar, and a whole host of other unsubstantial dishes. Tea of course there is—a delicate infusion not always made with water actually boiling, and never permitted to grow rank. "Stewed" tea is a thing unknown in Japan—unless with European housekeepers—and native tea is seldom darker in tint than pale brandy.

At the *chaya* (tea-house) tea-making is a fine art. Tea-serving is a pretty, dainty rite; little *geishas*, soft of foot, hand tiny cups with tiny bows and prostrations; and if one can afford it, or if the proprietor is generously disposed towards his customers,

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GEISHAS AT DINNER IN A TEA-HOUSE.

They sit on flat cushions; often, as here, there is no table. The brass-hooped wooden tub contains boiled rice, the bowls are for soup, the smaller dishes have boiled fish, vegetables, or rice-cakes in them.

one drinks tea to the accompaniment of plaintively twanged *samisen*, and the soft *shoo-shoo* on the matting of the dancer's *tabi** clad feet.

During the Japanese day one must take at least one bath to maintain one's self-respect. The Japanese themselves may take several. With them in country districts it is still—notwithstanding the influx of Western ideas—more or less of a public ceremony. In many a village the bath hour is also that for neighbourly confidences. Bath-tubs are dragged to the doorways, and in them the bathers sit to chat, and stew, and doze, as their nature dictates.

In the late afternoon at almost every doorway one sees the *furo*, or wooden bath-tub, some with furnaces attached to heat the water on the spot, and others merely ordinary oval-shaped tubs. And in them

* White cotton socks, digitated.

sit gossiping or stewing Japanese, old and young. Above the edge of the tub, which is about twenty inches deep, half-veiled in steam, appear the plump shoulders of a dainty *musumé*, or the wrinkled ones of her mother or even grandmother, the mischievous face of a lad, or the grizzled pate of the "father" of the village. As the stranger passes by, if the bather wishes for a better view, he or she will get up and regard the "foreigner" or other wayfarer with mild-eyed wonder, sometimes appearing to the latter's eyes like some sprite or genii half-wreathed in a garment of bluish steam.

To the newly-arrived *griffin* (foreigner) such sights are at first disconcerting. But Japan is a topsy-turvy place, and the bath hour is almost as ceremonious as, though less sophisticated than, that of Ostend. If one is a guest at a private house one will still, of course, take a bath; indeed, it will be

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THREE JAPANESE GIRLS IN BAMBOO AVENUE.

This is at Kioto, and is the finest bamboo avenue in Japan.

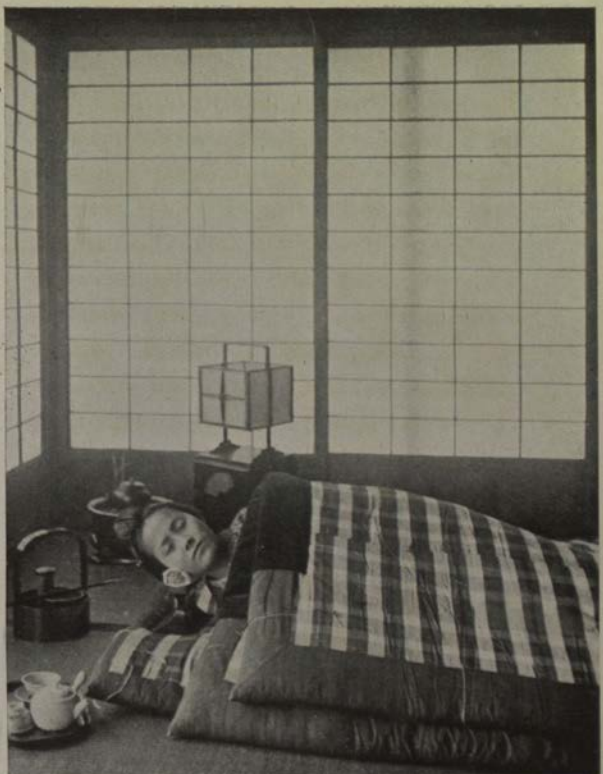
suggested, and a maid will be provided to see that you have it!

A real Japanese "warm" bath is not a thing of enjoyment until one's epidermis has become hardened. To a native, water of a temperature of 95 degrees is distinctly temperate! To a European it is more than warm. Many Japanese can stand a temperature of 125 to 130 degrees, almost incredible as it is; but to the Western mind such a heat does not seem inviting. It is well to hasten slowly in the matter of bathing in the Japanese way, and for the first few experiences to insist upon trying the temperature and having one's bath-tub in one's room, instead of in the street or on the veranda!

In Japan one cannot be said to go to bed in strict truthfulness; rather is it that the bed comes to one. A Japanese sleeping-room presents to the casual observer

none of the features usually associated in the European mind with such an apartment. It is almost invariably spotlessly clean, beautifully airy; but there is apparently no bed. The "honourable bed" is safely and tidily rolled up and put away in the *fukuro dana*, or cupboard, which is behind a sliding panel in the wall.

There is not much of it when it comes. The *tatami* (straw mattresses), with their covering of finely-woven bamboo, which are found upon the floors of most rooms, form the basis of the bed, upon which are placed the *futon* (thick, soft quilts), on which one will be invited to seek "honourable tranquillity," covered by the *yaju*, or top *futon*, which possesses sleeves, and is like a thick-padded *kimono*. Another quilt for warmth if the weather is cold, and the bed is prepared—that is, if for a European man. If for a Japanese of the



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GIRL ASLEEP BETWEEN WADDED QUILTS WITH A WOODEN PILLOW.

She is a *Geisha* girl, and uses the wooden head-rest so that her elaborately dressed hair may not be disarranged. Notice the tea-tray and tobacco-box with a pipe across it. The box with a paper screen above is a night-lamp.

gentler and more exigent sex, whose coiffure must not be disarranged, or if one needs a pillow, there will be the *makura*, or wooden support, grooved so as to fit the neck, and in general appearance not unlike the block in miniature upon which the headsman in ancient times invited the victim to place his head.

The *makura* will not conduce to either the restfulness or comfort of anyone save a native at first, notwithstanding the little bag of bran or rolls of soft paper, changed daily, with which it is padded. But it is a necessity for the Japanese woman, whose beautiful and elaborate coiffure must be preserved from disarrangement or destruction. And she is used to it.

The European who perseveres in its use for a long while feels in the morning as though beheading would be bliss, and a hinge in his neck a positive delight. Some

of the *makuras* are works of art, made of acacia-wood and beautifully inlaid. Most are hollow, and contain a receptacle for the solacing tobacco, which is extremely fine cut, but generally too mild for European taste. Probably there will also be two or three ridiculously small *kiseru*, or pipes, in a drawer, and close by is almost sure to be the little wooden box containing the *hibachi*, with its burning charcoal, with which to light up one's pipe. If it is the season for mosquitoes, from the roof will be suspended a *kaya*, beneath whose meshes the weary may hope to defy the "ungentle insect."

The night lamp, which is not inadvisable if one is unaccustomed to the weird noises of a Japanese night and a Japanese dwelling in the small hours in summer, when the woodwork begins to cool, is a primitive but effective thing, consisting of a box surmounted by a square screen of toughened

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A CANAL NEAR THE CENTRE OF TOKIO.

The boatmen employed by different firms often wear cotton clothing with their firms' names printed on it in gorgeous and decorative characters.

paper divided up into panels. Within this lamp is set the tiny vessel containing the oil and a paper wick moored to a tiny float, which, when lighted, diffuses a soft radiance through its translucent sides.

If one is a light sleeper this fragile lamp may prove a source of alarm, for against its tightly-strained sides, which rattle like tiny drums, will impinge a host of moths, flying beetles, and tiny downy-winged insects, which will keep up a constant rattle like mimic drums beating a reveille.

The first night in a Japanese house possesses for Europeans and travellers from the West an almost unspeakable sense of insecurity. It seems as though the fragile dwelling, with its *shoji* of toughened paper, and hardly more substantial *karakami*, would fall an easy prey to the winds of heaven. A puff stronger than the gentle breeze which stirs the wistaria outside, or

sighs amid the cryptomerias, and one might find the dark-blue, star-studded sky above, and the house—where?

Most of the exterior, as well as the interior, walls of the Japanese houses are merely panels sliding in grooves—little calculated, indeed, to withstand the warp of sun and swell of rain. They soon grow loose and fractious from incipient earthquakes (a full-fledged one leaves very little behind), and subject to weird groanings at dead of night.

An American girl declared that the Japanese house was like a band-box by day and a place of uncanny spirits by night. Indeed, a whole chapter might be written concerning the noises in a Japanese dwelling after dusk. For the nervous the squeaking *nidzumi* (mice) and heavy thud of soft, big-winged moths; the scuttering procession of rats, which, inhabiting the

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A NOBLE AVENUE OF CRYPTOMERIAS.

On a very old road leading from Tokio to the sacred Shogun shrines. The men are labourers. The occupant of the *jinriksha* is of good class.

basement, gallop along the rafters; the chirp of the *cicadas;* and the complaining of woodwork when it cools and seems to stretch and shiver like a human being, provide an orchestra in which the performers seem to the listening and wakeful stranger composed entirely of unquiet spirits.

In the morning, however, all this feeling will vanish. Through the re-opened *shoji* and *karakami* will stream the fair, rosy light of a Japanese dawn. The inscrutable loveliness of awakened Nature is on hillside, and over field and valley. Gone are the fearsome noises of the dark hours, and one seems to feel that in the flowers no spirits save benignant ones can surely dwell.

From an engraving by Sensai Yeitaku.

Home Life in Japan

CHAPTER III

HOME LIFE IN JAPAN

The Home Life of the Japanese—The Art of Flower Arrangement and Decoration—"The Whole Duty of Women"—Japanese Education —The Japanese Girl.

IN many respects the home and family life of the Japanese is actuated by the same spirit which we wish to see prevailing among ourselves. Although their houses are so fragile that the stranger within their gates can at first scarcely regard them as permanent dwellings, there is in Japanese hearts the same love of home that is found among Western people, and it is impossible to be long in the land without fully realizing this fact.

Home Life in Japan

Most homes, although, perhaps, from a Western point of view, somewhat bare of ornament, exhibit evidences of loving care in their decoration and adornment within and without. Exquisite flowers bloom wherever possible—in the garden, be it big or little, which lies in front of the house, and in pots and boxes on the verandah, and in the rooms. Upon the walls there are few pictures, and, in consequence, at first sight they have an appearance of bareness. But in most houses of the better class will be found *kakemono*—long banner-like pictures, upon which some true artist has painted a flight of storks, a decorative branch of the maple, or sprays of chrysanthemums sketched in with unerring brush and economy of paint. There are few houses that have not at least one such picture hung in the recess sacred to the god of the household.

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A BEAUTIFUL PRIVATE GARDEN.

The man is Mr. Namikawa; he is the chief creator and promoter of cloisonné ware, and is known all over the world. His wife is seated near him, and his daughter is feeding tame carp in a pond beside the house.

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In some dwellings nowadays, alas! imported wall-papers have come into use. These are entirely out of character; but there are others of native design which are, happily, sometimes very artistic. The manufacture of wall-paper, however, is yet in its infancy in Japan. Long may it remain so, unless it be to give Western people an education in the art of simple and effective design.

It is on flowers and sprigs of maple, pine, and bamboo that the Japanese chiefly rely when wishing to beautify the interior of their homes. To this end even the children (more especially the girls) are, from their early years, taught how to arrange flowers and foliage according to the Japanese fashion. To see a child scarcely more than a baby attempting to evolve a decorative flower scheme is a lesson in infinite patience, and an argument in

favour of early art training. There is little left to chance; and there is less of the so-called "careless" arrangement. The result is well studied and highly decorative. A twig must fall just here, a bloom just there, to complete the design; and until it does so the Japanese woman, man, or child is not entirely satisfied. Although the means taken to insure the intended result are so minutely careful, the materials are generally marvellously simple.

One finds this both in and out of doors. A Japanese gardener will succeed in conveying the idea of almost illimitable space, and of shady wood and hill and valley, by the careful disposal of a few trees, the construction of a tiny pool, and the setting up of a few rocks, or a stone lantern made hoary by exquisitely tinted lichen, on a plot of ground which to a Western mind would be scarcely large enough for a tiny

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THE STAIRS LEADING TO THE TOMB OF THE SHOGUN IEYASU.

He was, perhaps, the greatest military ruler in Japanese history, and was the founder of the Japanese feudal system. The trees are cryptomerias.

lawn. The ordinary villa garden of a London suburb, say 25 by 16 feet, would in his hands soon take upon itself the appearance of spaciousness, and blossom like the rose.

Just the same remark is true of the Japanese system of flower arrangement. Most Japanese with a small handful of chrysanthemums and a sprig of pine will produce a complete decorative scheme which a European would only attempt with three or four times the quantity of flowers and foliage. As in their glyptic and other arts, so with their treatment of flowers, both in the garden and in the house, four qualities seem to stand out as being characteristic of the Japanese mind. They are a just appreciation of space, a love of line, restraint of taste, and, to crown all, thoroughness of workmanship. Although Japanese designs, however

applied, are almost always carefully arranged, there is an absence of symmetry when one comes to examine them carefully. Few things are made in pairs in Japan, and often when a "pair" is necessary and has to be produced, there are minute differences in non-essentials. The articles are only truly "paired" in the sense of being the same thing; in their shape or decoration they usually differ in some slight particulars.

In the home life of the Japanese there is a love of visiting and a love of receiving visitors. The Japanese are good hosts, for they lay themselves out to entertain, and boredom would appear to be unknown to the native host and hostess. A Japanese party differs very materially from a European one. On arriving, the visitors remove their *geta* (clogs) if natives, and boots or shoes if Europeans. So strict, indeed, is

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THE MAIN STREET AT IKAO, A VILLAGE OF HOT SPRINGS.

This street is of stairs up the steep side of Mount Haruna. Near the summit of the mountain is a blue lake, which occupies what used to be a crater. Hot springs are everywhere about the mountain, and most of the houses seen contain large baths, ready to soak rheumatism out of Japanese sufferers.

this rule that if one is observant one may detect the host glancing surreptitiously to see that the "foreigners" have not forgotten this universal though strange custom. The host receives each with the most elaborate bows, which, after a time, one begins to suspect may be graduated according to the esteem in which the respective guests are held.

In some houses the hostess may appear, but as a general rule her part in the entertainment of guests is a small one, and frequently relegated to the *geishas*, who may be hired to wait and afterwards to dance and sing. The visitors are soon seated upon *zabuton*, or "cushion-chairs," and are invited to smoke and sip tea or *saké*, and also, if the occasion be a dinner or elaborate entertainment, to take more solid refreshment. The daughters of the house will possibly assist in handing round

the dishes, and very dainty and charming they often are.

After the more material delights is the *geisha's* turn. If one's host is at all wealthy, it is more than possible that some famous dancing and singing girls will have been engaged, and in this event they will not appear upon the scene until their services as entertainers are required. When the *karakami* (panels forming the walls) are softly slid aside in their grooves, a dainty figure slowly glides into the room like some huge, gay-coloured butterfly, followed by a couple of musicians, who play the accompaniments of her songs and the music of her dances upon somewhat unmusical instruments. It is only in the most modern families (those into which European ideas have penetrated) that the daughters or wife take any active part in the entertainment of guests.

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GEISHA GIRLS PLAYING AND DANCING.

This is perhaps the most popular kind of entertainment in Japan.

Home Life in Japan

Woman's position in Japan even nowadays is one of self-effacement, and she is regarded rather as a necessary and useful, than as an ornamental, addition to the household. Customs in this interesting land of Japan are often the very opposite of those which prevail in more Western climes. At first the precedence of men before women in entering or leaving a room, and on many other occasions, strikes one as strange; the feeling, however, soon wears off, because it is the custom. But the subjection of women has not robbed them of either dignity or charm. Perhaps it has even added to them a piquancy in the eyes of travellers used to the more insistent feminists of the Western Hemisphere.

A great Japanese teacher has said (though not, of course, in so simple a phrase), "It is woman's mission to obey." And, indeed, there exists a whole book, written by a sage,

Kaibara by name, called "Onna Daigaku," which title being freely translated means "The Whole Duty of Women," and, strange to tell, this book most women reverence. It is, however, very severe on women. It teaches them that they are mere worms. It lectures them as though they were only waiting (poor, charming little Japanese women!) to commit forthwith all the sins of the Japanese decalogue. But to the women of Japan it is "gospel" all the same. They neither revolt against its teaching, nor do they agitate for the abrogation of its principles.

In "Onna Daigaku" appear such aphorisms as "A virtuous heart is more precious in a woman than beauty"; "When a vicious woman speaks, it is to set herself above others; her words are harsh and her tones vulgar"; "The qualities which best befit a woman are gentle obedience, chastity,

mercy, and quietness." And in a book of the "Lesser Learning" she is enjoined not to make promiscuous friendships; only those ordered by her parents, and afterwards, when married, by her husband.

Severe as is the code of feminine conduct laid down by "Onna Daigaku" and other books, the effect is to all appearance admirable. Though it is the universal idea that women are to obey their parents when young, their husbands when married, and their sons when widows, the Japanese woman neither rebels nor repines, but accepts the position without a murmur, and, so far as one can judge, does not feel the yoke. They are almost always happy and contented, and on their faces — or, should we rather say, *in* them — seems to lurk that indescribable expression, the wonderful smile of the Japanese race.

The net result of this system of self-effacement is such as to make the foreigner think deeply. It is an admirable one so long, of course, as the ancient idea of woman's mission in the universe holds its ground. The women of Japan are self-sacrificing, and that quality makes them the best of wives and mothers. Japanese women almost invariably busy themselves with the affairs of their households, making many of their own delightful *kimonos* and the linen or silken garments worn under them. It is, of course, true, as an American girl once remarked, "there's not loads of fit about these *kimonos*"; but there is more of that elusive quality than appears on the surface; just as there is a positive art in the mere tying of an *obi*, simple as the thing may seem.

Oku-sama, "the honourable lady of the house," is also diligent in looking after

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A FARMER'S WIFE WEAVING COTTON CLOTH.

The loom is of the same pattern as that used by this woman's great-grandmother. The pattern is a sort of tartan, and is probably for *kimonos* or for coverings for quilts.

and superintending her servants; and little, indeed, in the domestic economy of a normally well-regulated Japanese house is left to chance or underlings. The servants, in their turn, are industrious, intelligent to a remarkable degree, and take a real and lasting interest in their mistress and their own duties. The little maid-of-all-work (and she exists even in Japan), the "merely Mary Ann" of the household, seems to delight in the least important duties which come her way, and is always good-tempered and willing. Things seem to dovetail in a Japanese home in vivid contrast to the "progressive" ways of English domestic servants and mistresses.

There is no need for bells in a Japanese house; sounds travel through the paper walls as though they acted almost as a telephone. If one wishes, therefore, to summon the servants a clapping of the

hands does it, supplemented, if necessary, by a high-pitched call. There is a Japanese saying that "no wise man talks secrets indoors"; and, because of the thin walls, it must be admitted one cannot certainly talk with comfort of one's private affairs in a Japanese room with the next one to it occupied.

The Japanese father plays no unimportant part in the home life. In the upper classes, and among those who are not compulsorily absorbed in business affairs, many find the chief interest of their lives in their children. The relations between parents and their little ones are almost universally happy, and productive of attachment to the home. Filial piety, as all the world has heard, is one of the chiefest of virtues according to the Japanese moral code. The result has been the production of a brave, persevering, patriotic race, a charming home life, and a

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A STREET PERFORMER AMUSING THE CROWD.

There are many such shrewd and witty performers, whose tricks are generally juggling and sleight-of-hand. They keep their audiences in roars of laughter with their remarks.

standard of morals not inferior to that of Western nations.

The unquestioning obedience of the Japanese child is rendered to a parent tender and considerate. There is not such a thing as a spoiled child, mainly owing to the fact that the obedient spirit is never lacking. The Japanese father, be he poor or rich, is a great giver of presents and surprises. Can it be wondered at when he loves his children, and an armful of ingenious and charming toys may be had for two or three pence? The Japanese present-giver seldom says anything concerning his intention, and spends much anxious thought as to the most charming and suitable gift and the most pleasing manner of presentation.

The Japanese have one and all a thorough belief in the benefits of education, and the father of a middle and upper middle class family is as anxious as any European to

give his boys the best chance possible in that respect, and to have his girls grow up well-educated young ladies.

Those who have taught Japanese children are loud in their praise of them as diligent and intelligent scholars, who manifest an interest in their work and a desire "to know things." Both boys and girls first go to school when about six years of age—some earlier—and it is the ambition of most of the boys to go to college. In many cases education is not considered complete until the lad reaches the age of eight-and-twenty, and it is, therefore, not much to be wondered at that the average Japanese is generally so well informed.

As most official appointments and questions of rank depend upon the examinations a man has passed, the Japanese parent naturally regards school conduct and application to study as very important things.

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CELEBRATING THE FEAST OF THEIR FIRST EMPEROR.

Home Life in Japan

Any success which attends a member of a family is shared with the other members. This is a curious fact, but the Japanese family is, in fact, a little commonwealth. The fortune of the one is almost equally that of the other—an ideal state of things, which, whatever its shortcomings may appear to Western minds, seems to work admirably in Japan.

We have left a consideration of the Japanese girl until the last, for though less important than her brothers in the social scale, she is a being upon whom the memories of those who know her love to linger. Although to most travellers the life and thoughts of Japanese girls and women must ever remain sealed books—for her true charm is not to be learned from the women of the shops, tea-houses, bazaars, and places of entertainment, nor even from those one sees in the streets and in the

temple grounds—one cannot fail to notice her courtesy and gentleness in almost all circumstances of life.

Those who know the East best are agreed that to understand the whole charm of Japanese girlhood one must live for a lengthened period—at least a year—in some household with her. In her there are phases and beauties of disposition which discover themselves slowly, which seem even to vary with the different seasons. Perhaps the most charming specimens of Japanese girlhood are found in some of the larger villages, as yet unconnected by railroad with the more strenuous life of the greater towns and cities. There, entirely outside the sphere of Western influence, one finds her as she is. It is not easy for the Western mind to understand how it is that she is so bright an example of gentleness, unselfishness, and tactfulness, whilst leading a life which,

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DOTOMBORI OR THEATRE STREET, OSAKA.

Almost all the houses in this street are theatres or places of amusement.

at least to modern English or American girls, would seem quite unendurably dull and monotonous. In most European countries the girl of to-day would revolt against the idea that her charm, placidity, and the glamour which surrounds her are results of an upbringing in which obedience, respect for the aged, and filial piety in their fullest sense play so prominent a part.

Too much has, perhaps, been said of the *geisha* in literary attempts to depict the life and influence of Japanese girls, and too little of the quaint little *musumé* and the schoolgirl to convey a well-proportioned or accurate idea of the subject. The *geisha* does, we admit, play a large part in the scheme of Japanese life; but she is not all. And, sad to tell for compilers of musical comedies, she is never sold, bag and baggage, with the house to which she is attached!

There are, however, many other types, amongst them the quaint little sisters of quaint little brothers, who haunt the grounds and shaded courtyards of the temples, with babies strapped to their backs; and girl children, little more than babies themselve, toddling about hither and thither under paper umbrellas, or inspecting with wide-open eyes the marvels of the stalls of sweetmeats, and the beautifully-finished toys carved in wood and bound with lacquer.

The life of the average Japanese maiden has many interests, though to Western minds they may appear very simple ones. She is often, if well educated, a poetess, and is almost sure to love poetry. In this she finds a constant fount of pleasure, and in music another source of happiness. The music is strange to foreign ears, and it is only after a time that something of its

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BIG SISTERS AND LITTLE BROTHERS.

Japanese girls of the poorer classes, when only children themselves, have to carry their baby brothers and sisters strapped to their backs. They play their games and go about their work as if they carried no such burden.

charm can be caught, and a comprehension of the melody which seems to the girls of Japan of entrancing sweetness.

Then there is the amusement and excitement provided by the novelists. For there are novelists in Japan whose stories may appear in twenty or thirty volumes, but are none the less popular though so long. Many of the best dainty and romantic stories are written by women, and some enjoy a popularity in their own land which is not even excelled by that of Marie Corelli in this country.

These amusements are supplemented by games with cards, and *go*, a kind of chess, generally admitted to be more difficult than the English game. For the youngsters there is "hopscotch," battledore and shuttlecock, prisoner's base, blind-man's buff (in which the blind man is called *oni*, demon, or evil spirit), *kitsune*, or "fox," played by

means of a slip-noose made in the middle of a length of rope through which a player termed the "fox" tries to grab a prize of a cake or sweetmeat without being caught by the noose being suddenly drawn tight by the players who hold the rope at the two ends; "knuckle-bones," played, however, with small bags full of pebbles or sand, instead of bones; and numerous other games. Some of these are common to boys and girls alike, others are more favoured by one sex or the other.

But the Japanese girl in time grows up, like those of other climes, and the advent of a husband causes even more change in her mode of life than in that of her European sisters. She herself has very little to do with the matter. She has to marry the man selected by her father; or, rather, perhaps one should say, the suitor of whom her mother approves. And,

bearing these facts in mind, English people may be somewhat astonished at the number of happy and thoroughly successful marriages there are in Japan. Divorce, however, is always seeming to threaten the little wife; for disobedience, inability, or disinclination to cook her husband's rice to his liking, speaking of him disrespectfully, or even too much talking, are all adequate reasons for her being sent back to her parents, covered with disgrace which nothing will ever afterwards wipe out.

Then there are other disadvantages connected with marriage. One can well imagine that, in spite of all the teaching of "Onna Daigaku," and the lifelong inculcation of unselfishness and obedience, many a dainty *musumé* faces the fact that on marriage she must no longer care for her personal appearance, or seek to make herself attractive, with poignant and ex-

cusable regret. Indeed, jealous husbands (and there are, of course, these even in Japan) have an ugly habit of blackening their wives' front teeth, so as to render them less charming!

Though the mother-in-law has not yet, so far as we are aware, taken her place as a standing butt for Japanese humour, she is none the less a somewhat terrible person, who wishes, and usually obtains, her own way, and whose opinion—at least, so far as her daughter-in-law is concerned—must be dutifully considered, a state of things which would cause a revolt in anyone save a Japanese girl.

Country Life in Japan

CHAPTER IV

COUNTRY LIFE IN JAPAN

Workaday Life—The Potters, and Decorators of Porcelain—The Travelling Pedlars—The Young Carvers—The Toilers of the Field, and Other Folk—The Japanese Coiffure and those who arrange it—The Little Merchants.

ALTHOUGH Japan has, during the last two decades, advanced with amazing strides in the assimilation of Western ideas and methods of commerce, education, and life generally, there are still many original types left in the land of the cherry-blossom and chrysanthemum. And many of the working folk are yet unspoiled in their simplicity of life, and still retain much of the picturesqueness and charm

which have in the past made them so interesting a study for traveller and student alike. Although modern Japan is so changed from what it was even twenty-five or thirty years ago, and although "modernity," and all that the word may be held to imply, has so great and apparently irresistible an attraction for the more highly educated and official classes, the workaday life of the countryside, and of the shops, fields, and factories, has little to do with that form of Western civilization which is represented by electricity, Krupp guns, and mammoth battleships.

Whatever the future may hold for Japan in the way of feverish commercial activity, the extinction of the *geisha*, and the destruction of the quaint and picturesque, fortunately these things are not yet. Artistic production goes on still; all is not wholesale manufacture, and the American

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RETURN OF THE FISHING BOATS AT SUNSET.

The men fish with lines and also nets, which may be seen hanging on the masts to dry.

"bar-tenders" have not yet ousted the *geishas* of the tea-houses. But, as a recently returned traveller from Tokio remarked, "a great and significant change is coming over modern Japan, one which may transform her industries whilst threatening her arts, and those who wish to see Japan as she once was must not postpone their visit indefinitely."

But at present the people remain as they were when Japanese sea-power and Japanese domination in Korea were things unthought of. They are industrious, painstaking, frugal, having simple needs and equally simple ways of satisfying them. The Trades Union has not yet entered Japan, and the English workman would regard with wonder the possibility of living comfortably and happily on a wage amounting to threepence or fourpence a day. And yet many a Japanese working man lives

and maintains a wife and a family of two or three children on little more than that. Of the skilled workers, some may earn fourpence to sixpence a day, but many thousands who are not less intelligent or less skilful than their European brothers earn even less.

Some writers upon the working-folk of the Mikado's empire have blamed them for a certain lack of initiative, and perhaps not without some foundation of fact. But the Japanese workman generally makes up for lack of initiative by his industry, deftness, and carefulness. If he is given any article to copy or supplied with adequate working drawings, the result is seldom unsatisfactory to his employer, and, as a general rule, he will produce exactly what one requires, not "the best I could do; I'm afraid it isn't quite the same."

Japan is a land of pottery and porcelain,

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GIRLS DECORATING CHEAP POTTERY.

These girls are gentle and well behaved; not bold and rough, as are too many girls of their class elsewhere.

and there are many thousands of men, women, and girls employed in the trade. To the girls is mostly given the work of decorating the cheaper kinds intended almost exclusively for the foreign markets. In the picture on the previous page are child and girl workers in one of the famous pottery factories in the eastern quarter of Kioto, engaged in painting the jars, vases, and bowls which will eventually find their way to Europe or America. The elder girls, to whom is entrusted the task of putting on the more intricate designs, are paid about sixpence a day (English equivalent), the little girls little more than half as much. Pottery in Japan is of very various kinds, all made in different districts. At Obuke, near Kuwana, for instance, are the original factories of Nuami-Ban-ko, the famous maker of the pottery which bears his name; whilst at the four hamlets at

Seto, named Hora, Gō, Minami Shin-gai, and Kita, standing on the low hills surrounding an almost circular valley, many households are entirely employed in the making of porcelain of varying quality. Most of the potters work for dealers or capitalists in Nagoya, and as soon as a furnace of ware is baked it is forwarded to the depôt. The girls here, who are chiefly employed in the work of decoration and packing the finished goods, labour for wages which would make the most humble factory girl at home go out on strike. And yet these Japanese maidens are singularly happy, cheerful, cleanly, and contented, working from soon after sunrise till sundown, living principally upon rice, and drinking water, tea, and *saké*. They are merry little souls, who in their manners and dress (though their *kimonos* be but printed cotton) compare favourably—oh,

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PORCELAIN DECORATORS AT WORK, IN THE NOTED KINKOSAN WORKS AT AWATA, KIOTO.

how favourably! — with their Western sisters of similar status. It is only fair to add, however, that their surroundings are generally cheerful, and they are treated by their employers with the consideration which seems inherent in the Japanese race.

At these factories only the cheaper varieties of ware are made. The really fine things—the exquisite cabinets, lacquer screens, bronze and *cloisonné* vases—are not manufactured in bulk. The most lovely of these things are the work of true artists, whose skilful labour is lovingly bestowed during weeks—nay, months—of careful toil. In the case of *cloisonné* enamel, the process is most complicated, needing infinite patience and an almost inconceivable refinement of care.

The same remark may be made with reference to those skilful artificers, the carvers in ivory, who labour in their own

little workshops with a perfectly bewildering multitude of tools, comprising small chisels, gravers, knives, mallets, and other things lying close to their hands upon the long, low, bench-like tables, at which they sit tailor fashion.

At these benches some of the most exquisite work of the world is turned out by men whose needs in life are so simple and their gains so small that a Western artist —and these men are artists to their fingertips—would laugh to think of them. Some of the greatest masters in the art of wood and ivory carving, who conjure exquisite figures out of shapeless blocks and tusks, think themselves well paid by wages or profits amounting to £80 or £100 per annum. For such a result they will work long hours, week in week out, except when some festival comes to give them brief respite and relaxation from a labour which

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THE UMBRELLA MAKER.

An ancient Japanese handicraft.

makes heavy and constant demands upon their patience, resource, and sight. And this is equally true of the lacquer and metal workers, who follow two of the most ancient and beautiful of native crafts.

From the artistic workers let us now turn to that large class, the pedlars, who perambulate the streets and byways of the large towns, and travel through the country from end to end. They are an industrious, hardy people. In effect they are perambulating shops, carrying in their boxes, tubs, trays, or baskets—which are usually slung by ropes to the end of long poles—articles of household use, clothing, pickles, tools, toys, pottery, seeds, charms, and a host of other things too numerous to specify. Each trade has its peculiar cry, and often in the early morning one hears that of the flower-sellers, the carriers of lotus leaves and blooms, who give voice to a long-

drawn-out musical call: "Hasu-no-hana! Hasu-no-hana!" Or one is awakened by the more melancholy chant of the blind shampooer seeking early customers.

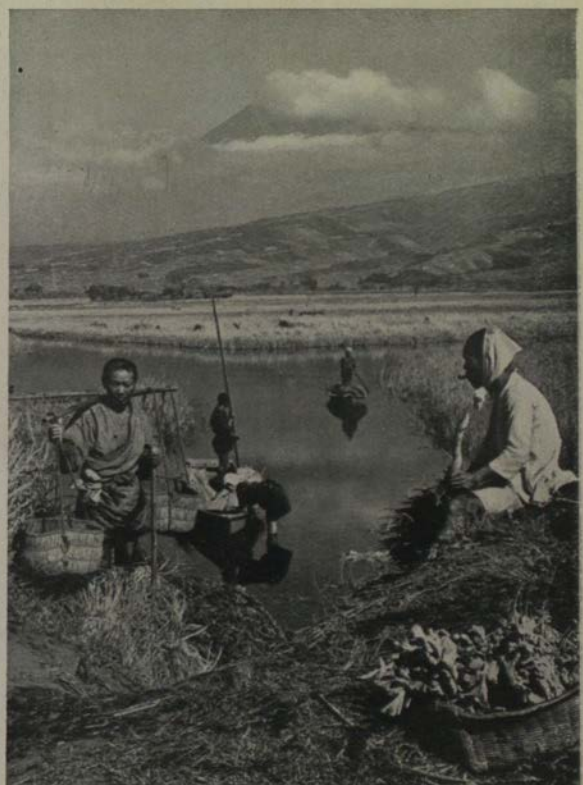
Women and young girls play (as may have already been gathered) no unimportant part in the workaday life of the country. Thousands of them are busy during the "dew month" (June) in the fields, wading in the water and soft mud in which the young rice-plants delight, up to their knees, attired in their *kasa*, straw coats, hats of oiled paper or plaited rushes, with which to keep off the rain. They are merry and happy at their humid task, which is, moreover, one of the most laborious forms of agricultural labour, owing to the fact that the work is done almost entirely by hand with the aid of a heavy, four-pronged rake and a spade. Few English country women or girls would

be willing even to attempt it. The seedling rice-plants, upon the well-being of which so much will ultimately depend, are planted in uniform rows, and the roots are pressed down into the mud by the fingers of the planters, who work with marvellous quickness, setting from eight to ten plants without moving a step.

Economy of space distinguishes the agriculture of the Japanese. "Ours is not a large country," once explained a farmer; "there is no room for waste." And so the raised banks dividing the rice-fields, which shimmer with an apple-green haze as the wind sweeps over them, are planted with beans and other vegetables.

A couple of months earlier in the year—in April and May—thousands of women and girls are to be seen busily engaged upon the sunny hillside of Uji, where the most famous of Japanese tea plantations

are situated, picking the bright green leaves from the round-topped bushes, and afterwards sorting them into various qualities. The earliest tea comes into the market about the second week in May, but for a considerable period after that date, in the peasants' huts, nimble fingers and sharp eyes are engaged in preparing the leaf, sorting it, and clearing it of all impurities. Many Europeans travelling in Japan suppose that the best tea may be cheaply purchased on the plantations themselves. This idea is quite fallacious. There is so much demand for the good qualities, and more especially for the exceptionally fine leaf, that the supply is always inadequate. The best tea, such as Sabo Muskashi or Gioku-ro, is seldom procurable, save in the most fruitful years, for less than five to seven *yen* (ten to fourteen shillings) per pound. There are few more curious, and



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PEASANTS GATHERING RUSHES IN THE GREAT VEGETABLE DISTRICT OF SUZUKAWA.

at the same time interesting and pretty, sights in Japan than a tea-field being harvested.

The wives and daughters of men of the peasant class work exceptionally hard. They toil in the fields from morn till dewy eve, uncomplainingly, even cheerfully. If they are working for others, instead of for their own kith and kin, they usually do so at a fractional wage, amounting to from twopence to threepence a day. And, strange to say, such remuneration, so frugal are their habits, permits them not only to live, but also to save!

The fresh air and sunlight give them good appetites and scorch their skins to almost a copper hue, but they are never troubled with ideas that hard work is derogatory, and that a life of labour is to be deplored.

There is no cart for even the prosperous

Japanese farmer to drive around in, and no silks, satins, and pianos for his wife and daughters; no loafing, no fibre-sapping idleness for his sons. And although at festival times the young girls will be dainty visions, many of them, in printed cottons or native silk, and the older women happy in the rest from labour, when the harvest-time of rice or barley comes round they are indomitable toilers. After it is garnered, in the courtyards of the farmsteads, on the hillsides amid the trees, and even on the flat ground near the seashore, women and girls as well as men are to be found using the heavy, curious flails which have a forked end in which a bar of thicker wood swings, threshing out the rice on mats spread for the purpose. The treatment meted out to the barley is somewhat different, for when it is cut it is laid in even sheaves, the heads carefully placed all one way in the court-

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FARMERS' WIVES HEADING BARLEY.

The men cut the barley, but the women undertake the part of the preparation of the grain, as well as looking after their household duties. Babies are often carried all day long strapped to their mothers' backs as shown. They take their naps quite comfortably in this position.

yard or stackyard, and the women "head" it by pulling it through huge combs, after which it is winnowed, as is also the rice, by means of effective though primitive machines. The rice-plant is the symbol of fruitfulness and plenty, the precious grain itself the staple food of more than half the myriads of the Mikado's empire.

When not busy with the harvest or cultivation of the fields, the men are engaged in repairing their tools, in preparing for the next sowing, and in thatching the roofs of sheds—and, in country districts, houses —with the barley straw. The women and girls busy themselves with weaving cotton cloth used for *kimonos* and other garments, and the loom is to-day exactly similar to that used by past generations. Others—and one sometimes sees them outside the humblest of dwellings — busy themselves in spinning silk off the cocoons. In some

districts the rearing of silkworms and the making of silks forms the sole industry.

The Japanese are a cleanly race, and it is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the Japanese washerwoman is an important functionary. Not only does she perform much of her washing in the open air (as, of course, is often done in Europe), but she does her ironing out of doors as well. The clothes or the fabrics that have to be ironed are spread upon huge ironing boards, which are often long enough to rest aslant against the wall of the house, or the poles in the courtyards over which the bedding is thrown in fine weather, so that it may have a thorough airing. The clothes are carried back from the spring while wet in tubs, and when ironed and "got up," are taken home in large flat baskets.

The Japanese are fond of doing all kinds of household work in the open air, and

travellers catch glimpses of many a dainty picture of little waiting-maids polishing their pots and pans in the yard at the back of a *chaya*, or private dwelling, till they shine brightly enough for them to see their own smiling faces in them.

Many of the most lovely gardens and florists' businesses employ a large amount of female labour. Indeed, the women gardeners of Japan long preceded those now at work in England. It seems singularly appropriate that these gentle girls and women, so instinct with the old-fashioned virtues associated with the best characteristics of their sex and the picturesque and light-hearted *musumé*, should be the tenders of the flowers which play so important a rôle in the national life, and are so beloved by the race. That women gardeners are an unqualified success in the land of the chrysanthemum is admitted by the great

and famous gardeners of Tokio and Yokohama.

Another trade which is well suited for women, and is largely in their hands, is that of the hairdresser. The coiffure of the Japanese women and girls of the better class is so elaborate that the employment of the professional hairdresser is almost imperative. To dress the hair of a girl of good family generally takes a couple of hours at least; frequently, indeed, three times as much time is spent over the operation, and it is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the resulting coiffure is expected to last three or four days.

Some of the most famous of the *geishas*, who are celebrated for the elaborate arrangements of their hair, will not willingly disturb the wondrous erections of their *kamiyui* (hairdressers) for a week together; it is, therefore, the duty of the artist to see that

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JAPANESE GIRLS IN JINRIKSHAS.

They are in the old Park at Nara.

her customer's hair is perfectly and securely disposed. The hairdresser of note, however (as in other climes), is in such demand that she can very seldom spare the time necessary to carry out the preliminary operations herself. Thus it is that quite a number of girls are employed by her, whose chief duties are to prepare the customer's head and hair for actual arrangement by the *kamiyui*.

These apprentices come to the house in advance of their employer to clean, wash, perfume, brush, and comb the hair with at least five or six different kinds of combs, so that the tresses are in the proper condition for arrangement by the hairdresser herself. This functionary uses a bewildering variety of combs, shapes to form the hair ere it is finally fixed, coloured paper-string, and even small steel springs; and also acts as barber, shaving the ladies' and girls' cheeks, ears, chins, brows, and even noses, not, let it be

stated, of any hirsute or horrible growth, but of the peach-like down with which few Western women would be willing to part. And for two hours' work, or even more, this true artist in hairdressing receives a fee for which a Parisian or Bond Street "tonsorial artist" would scarcely condescend to give the hair a good brush.

In the towns there are, of course, many types of working folk whose lives it is not possible to describe in detail. There is, for example, the ubiquitous, fleet-footed, untiring "boy," who drags one about in the hansom of Japan, the *jinriksha*; an intelligent, industrious being, clad mostly in scanty blue cotton garments, and a mushroom-shaped pith hat. The *kago*, or hammock-bearers, who provide the means of locomotion for the lazy in mountain districts or along paths unsuitable for *jinrikshas*, are clad—well, sometimes in

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A FORTUNE-TELLER.

A rod is chosen from the jar at the left, and the seer reads his client's fortune from it.

tatoo marks, a mushroom hat, and a smile, and little else. The art of the professional tatooer, a wonderful draughtsman and worker in coloured inks, is often seen to great advantage on the backs, arms, and legs of *jinriksha* "boys" and *kago* bearers. Then there are the women who coal the steamers, with their clean (at the start) blue and white kerchiefs knotted round their heads, big palm-leaf hats, and coaling-baskets. A strange, unfeminine occupation surely, and one that at first strikes the foreigner as singularly unsuited to their physique! And yet how strong they really are is speedly demonstrated as one watches them coaling a steamer from the lighters alongside—busy and quick in their movements as a regiment of ants. Then there are their brothers, the *sampan* men, whose semi-nude figures, plying their huge oars, look like bronzes in the sunlight.

There are many other busy folk besides these—the fortune-tellers, with their small boxes, which contain the tiny strips of paper (*mikuji*) upon which the "fortune" or prophecy is written; the makers of the charming though fragile toys and kites; the actors, who give such lengthy performances in the theatres that one might come back a year after the curtain first went up, to find them not yet quite done with the piece! the makers of beautiful artificial flowers; the street musicians, who always draw a crowd, with their excruciating *gaku;* the hosts of school-teachers; and the shopkeepers of all kinds. With the latter bargaining becomes a fine art, and the foreigner should realize the disappointment that will be caused to the vendor by any disinclination on his or her part to engage in the pastime.

All the innumerable types that one

could catalogue, however, have the same main characteristics — simplicity of life, earnestness and thoroughness in their work, and the spirit which ever causes them to hope that, however good what they make or do may be, they may excel it next time.

In a word, it is the working folk of Japan, quite as much as the official, professional, and diplomatic classes, who are laying slowly and steadily the foundations of an empire and a successful civilization; and it is to the possession of the qualities we have noted that may be traced their recent triumphs in modern warfare.

Town Life in Japan

CHAPTER V

TOWN LIFE IN JAPAN

The Real Religion of Japan—Ancestor Worship—The Spirit of Patriotism—Buddhism—Temples—The Great Buddha of Kamakura.

THERE is only one civilized nation to be found with a fundamental religion of its own which has existed from the beginning of its history, and has been evolved during its progress from century to century. Most great nations have, in modern times, a purely exotic faith, having little or nothing to do with the springs of national life. The exception will occur to most: it is that of the Hebrews. In their case, religious faith and national consciousness have been from time immemorial so closely

interwoven as to become to all intents and purposes indistinguishable. The effect of this has been to make of the Israelitish race a nation of patriots. Scattered to the four winds of heaven, the larger proportion "exiles and strangers in other lands of their adoption," possessed of practically not an acre of land the race can call its own, often persecuted and disliked, the Hebrews still believe that they are the chosen nation, and throughout the ages have succeeded in preserving their identity as a distinct and homogeneous people.

The other pre-eminently patriotic religion is that of Japan. The ancient Shintō faith —which has survived all attacks upon it, all vicissitudes of fortune, and the most earnest efforts of missionaries of other faiths —remains to-day not only the real religion of the Japanese, but also the force which influences the race, and has served to bind

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THE GREAT BELL OF CHIOU-JU TEMPLE.

The bell weighs 148,000 pounds. The sound it produces when struck is peculiarly deep and sonorous, like a great organ. The sound lingers long —after the lapse of five minutes a low hum can still be distinguished.

this people together into a strong and patriotic nation. To the inquiry What is the religion of the Japanese? there is only one possible and correct answer. All belong to the national faith, Shintōism, although there are, of course, in addition, a large number of Buddhists and Confucians, a few Roman Catholics, and a handful of converts to other European faiths. But although Shintō is not the State religion, it is that of the heart and soul of every subject of the Mikado's empire, and in it we find an almost exact counterpart in its effect to that of the more Western people, the Hebrews. It is not here possible or necessary to pursue the parallel, and examine the points of similarity in the effect of the Hebrew and Japanese faiths, or the strange divergence in the fate of these two races; but Shintōism deserves some attention as a singularly unique

example of the survival of a quite primitive faith amongst a highly civilized and progressive race, and also because of the wide differences it presents both in most of its main and essential features and tendencies to those of Western civilization.

This great and time-enduring force exists in Japan, though the shrines of the people's ancient worship are almost deserted, and in spite of the fact that there are few outward signs of the prevalence of the primitive faith. But it endures all the same, and forms one of the most vital and effective forces to be found in any national history.

The national theology is hopelessly and quite openly discredited, and even despised, and its worship, where still existing, is the merest ceremonialism; but the Shintō faith has its root, nevertheless, in the heart of the nation itself, and forms the source of unswerving loyalty and patriotism in

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PILGRIMS ENCIRCLING THE CRATER OF SACRED FUJIYAMA.

These devout pilgrims, mostly of the poorest classes, have climbed up some 12,000 feet, and are now near the end of their pilgrimage. After encircling they will ascend still further to pray at the shrine at the summit of this sacred mountain.

national life. Indeed, the actuating spirit of Shintō to-day stands for something infinitely more essential, far-reaching, and profound than mere tradition, worship, or ceremonialism. It is the embodiment of character in the highest sense. It is the well-spring of the qualities of courage, courtesy, honour, and, above all other things, loyalty. The spirit of Shintōism is that of filial piety, the willingness to surrender life (which has been demonstrated over and over again by the Japanese soldier in warfare) for a principle without question and without hesitation. It is certainly a religion, but one transmuted into an hereditary moral impulse actuating the whole race.

The Shintō faith, too, is a unifying one. It contains none of those elements which in so many Western religions lead to controversy and debate. It has no apparent

creed, no inspired book, no idol, no separate priesthood, no promise of a future life. Thus there have been practically no religious wars in Japan, and the attitude of the race towards the followers of other faiths has been that of almost invariable courtesy. They may not accept the religion of propagandists, but they see no necessity for quarrelling. Only when a suspicion has arisen that the bringers of other faiths are teaching something which threatens the unity of the nation has anything like persecution been seen. The "foreign" priest must not interfere with the affairs of State so as to threaten the integrity of Japan, but he may do almost anything else.

It is impossible, of course, to enter here into any very detailed examination of the underlying principles of Shintō. Around this subject much outside controversy has

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AN APPROACH TO THE SHINTŌ TEMPLE OF INARI.

The wooden archways are *torii*, constantly used as religious symbols in connection with Shintōism. Notice the cloth stockings on the man to the right, with the great toe separate from the others to permit the straps to pass between and hold the sandal in position.

raged at various times. But upon the salient characteristics most critics and investigators are agreed. They are: Nature-worship and a reverence for the dead. And one cannot but admit that no two qualities are better calculated to inspire love of country in such a land as that of Japan, in the hearts of such a people as the Japanese. The land, with its variety of climate, its romantic, impressive, and at times almost fantastic beauty, and its wonderful fruitfulness, is the natural home of such a religion as Shintōism.

Every traveller in Japan is acquainted with the *torii*, or sacred gateway, which so frequently attracts the eye. It is always constructed (whatever the materials used) in the same way. It has two upstanding columns, or posts, slightly inclined inwards towards each other, and across them a horizontal beam with widely-projecting

ends, and below this another beam, which has its ends mitred into the columns. This sacred entrance is found across the path in Japan wherever it approaches a spot of hallowed ground. It is, however, unlike the sacred portals of other lands, from the circumstance that it does not necessarily indicate the close proximity of a temple. It is to be found over hill and dale, at the entrance to a valley, placed high up along a mountain path, even in the deep recesses of the immemorial woods; sometimes even on the edge of the rice-fields, at others on the shore of a lake. If one passes beneath it and follows the path of which it is the portal, one is almost sure sooner or later to come to a temple, or more often a simple shrine. In the latter one will find nothing; that is the strangeness and mystery which strikes all who have come across these simple shrines.

But, all the same, there is a reason for its being placed there. Close by there will be some example of Nature's wildness or loveliness—a grove of magnificent and stately trees, some exquisite view, a twisted and ancient pine-tree (to the Japanese an emblem of length of days), or perhaps an exquisite pool. The shrines are not there for idols, but to consecrate the beauty surrounding them.

Sometimes, indeed, one may look in vain for anything suggestive of a reason for the presence of the shrine. It may have been placed where it is merely because of the exquisite and impressive solitude of its environment. Often the path beneath the *torii* leads merely to some beauty spot, and ends in something which to the Japanese heart is more sacred than either shrine or temple.

But if the Shintō faith had meant no

more than Nature-worship it might have led to moral and racial degeneracy. But there is in this mysterious Shintōism a virile and ennobling element, difficult for the "foreigner" to understand, more difficult still to describe. So it is that, without a system of theological belief, without dogma, without philosophy, as generally understood, without idols, and without a special priesthood, this strange faith has not only endured, but flourished—has not only provided a nation with a love of Nature, but has kept alive the fires of patriotism; has fostered the love of the family, and has encouraged filial piety.

The worship of ancestors and the reverence for the dead, which in the Japanese race has reached a higher stage of development than in that of any other nation, have had their effect upon national life and national characteristics; and in them one

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DEVOUT WOMAN STROKING A BRONZE BULL.

The woman, who is not posing for her photograph, is in one of the parks of the many temples of the Shintō faith, and is stroking the bull to cure her rheumatism. The bull is worn smooth by centuries of just such stroking.

can find the true solution of the splendid courage and energy of the Japan of to-day, and the secret of much of its progress.

Underlying the quaint and simple superstitions of the race, and its artless belief in magic and myths, is this force, which is responsible for the advance which the Island Kingdom of the East has successfully made during the last two decades, and which has been responsible in the past for its independent continuance as a homogeneous people.

Buddhism and Confucianism have, of course, many followers, but it is perfectly accurate to say that no Japanese has ceased to be a Shintōist when becoming a professed follower of either of these other faiths. Shintō, as we have observed, means to him a love of country and the highest form of patriotism, and in abjuring this he would consider himself guilty of an

unforgivable act of treachery. Amongst Western nations one religion is often uppermost, and antagonistic to another, perhaps, practised in a less degree in the same country. In Japan there is no such antagonism between Shintōism and Buddhism. The temples of both are often found side by side, and ministered to by the same priests.

It is for much the same reason that the teachings of Confucius have their hold upon the Japanese mind, because of the fact that they are not antagonistic to the native faith. Confucianism supplied the code of morals with which Shintōism is not concerned, and it received an added welcome from the fact that it served in a measure to confirm the idea of reverence for ancestors, the aged, and the dead, which was already so integral a feature of the native faith.

But whilst Buddhism is everywhere ap-

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MARVELLOUS SCULPTURES OF BUDDHIST TEMPLE OF YAKUSHI.

This is the courtyard of the temple. The platform at the left is for the sacred dances of Shintō worship, and the girl is a Shintō priestess of the dance.

parent as the faith of the common folk, they have never in their hearts in professing it abjured, or intended to abjure, one jot or tittle of Shintō faith. Buddhism secured adoption only by taking into its own pantheon the whole of the Shintō gods, and by representing itself as only a variety of the faith which already existed, and was so bound up with the national life. The soul of Japan, the *Yamato damashii*, remained, and remains, unalterable. The native festivals of the Japanese, in which their souls delighted, were converted into Buddhist saints' days, and by many the Buddhist religion was adopted. But where it departed from the spirit which had been bred by the Shintō faith, it failed utterly to gain a foothold in the hearts or minds of the people With Buddhism came the spirit of pessimism, but the Japanese remained the sunniest and most optimistic of races. With it came the

teaching of the great Buddha himself, that peace and gentleness were amongst the great ideals of life and conduct, and yet the Japanese remained the most warlike of people!

But although the belief in Buddhism among the Japanese is apparently superficial, they have lavished much beautiful work in the building of the temples and the making of the images of Buddha, in which they have but this apparently superficial belief. There, again, the spirit of the race is exemplified. The love of beauty in the concrete has induced them to do what the absence of fervent belief in Buddhism would have rendered impossible. Such an example is afforded by the famous and beautiful Buddhist temple at Yakushi, Niko, and the fine temples at Tokio and elsewhere.

It is apparent, of course, that the constant recurrence of earthquakes has placed

restrictions upon the Japanese architect, both of temples and other buildings. Height is seldom seen in either; spires and domes being absent in the construction of the former, and chimneys being seldom seen in the latter. This necessity of providing against earthquakes has led the Japanese builder to keep his temples as well as his domestic buildings close to the ground, and compensation has taught him to do his best in careful selection of the site upon which temples or important buildings are to be erected. Almost invariably, indeed, he contrives to make the approach to a temple compensate in a large measure for its dwarfed appearance. To this dignity and beauty of approach the *torii* and the picturesque *ishidoro*, or stone lanterns, lend themselves with remarkable effect, and when to these is added the groves of giant cryptomerias, leading up to or grouped impressively

around the shrine, one cannot but recognise how well the Japanese architect and the Japanese spirit have compensated for the shortcomings imposed by Nature. The frequent presence, too, of fragile houses and domestic buildings clustering in the immediate vicinity of the temples gives an added element of architectural impressiveness, which is often lacking in churches of far more imposing height in Western lands.

The lavishness of the temple decorations, carvings, and lacquered work, and the wide sweep of its gently curving roof, are features which the Japanese mind well knows how to use in accomplishing its aim—the attainment of beauty.

Although the "great earth dragon" (earthquake) frequently stirs in Japan, and has at various times brought about so great disasters, there are many temples in the land, notably the Yasuka pagoda in Kioto,

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THE TEMPLE OF NIKKO.

This is the Chinese Gate, splendidly carved, which leads to the main shrine.

which have survived, mainly through their strong and clever construction, for more than a thousand years. They are often very strongly constructed, with huge, braced timbers; and in the case of the Yasuka pagoda there is a heavy and enormous pendulum swinging inside, in a well-like shaft, which, when the earthquake shock occurs, adjusts the centre of gravity and helps thus to maintain the building from collapse.

A well-built Japanese house, the home of a family of the better class, is by no means the flimsy thing of paper and bamboo that many seem to suppose. It is fragile-looking, one must admit, open to the four winds of heaven, and delicately decorated; but, in its essentials and foundations, is so solidly constructed as to be to all intents and purposes earthquake-proof.

Inseparable from the remembrance of

temples seen in Japan is the great bronze statue of Buddha, which for nearly five centuries has sat serene and lonely amid the trees of the temple gardens at Kamakura. This colossal embodiment in bronze of the founder of Buddhism, nearly 50 feet in height, is the one relic of the magnificent temple which, 50 yards square, once stood at Kamakura, then a town of more than a million souls. The city and the temple were swept away by the tidal wave of the great Pacific, but the great statue of Buddha remained unmoved amid the wreck of houses and the wild scene of awful death and destruction. Its eyes of gold have looked unemotionally upon death and life for many centuries, and upon millions of pilgrims who, during the last five hundred years, have bowed in worship before it. There is no Sunday in Japan, no special days set apart for offerings and worship of

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THE GREAT BRONZE BUDDHA, REVERED FOR SIX CENTURIES.

It is near Yokohama, at Kamakura, which is a seaside village. Twice, huge tidal waves swept the district, but the statue sat on unhurt. The face alone is 8 feet high, and the eyes, of solid gold, are nearly 4 feet wide. Its total height is 50 feet. The spot on the brow is of solid silver.

this immense idol. Prayers almost continually ascend before it, offerings are made every day in the year; but on certain days of each month special forms of worship are used.

To most travellers this figure seems to stand for the material embodiment of Buddhism, the calm, serene impassivity taught by the Buddhist faith. To the Japanese themselves it may mean much or little, according to individual temperament; it does not, as we have tried to show, really represent the religion of Japan, which lies deeper than the worship of this isolated, colossal figure of Buddha, which survived the destruction of a city of medieval splendour with a million and a quarter inhabitants once worshipping on this spot, within sound of the moaning Pacific surges on the shore hard by.

The Future of Japan

CHAPTER VI

THE FUTURE OF JAPAN

The Love of Festivals—A Japanese "Bank Holiday"—Viewing the Cherry-Blossom—New Year's Day in Japan—The Festival of the "Little Folk"—The "August Departed"—A Japanese Funeral Feast.

THE Japanese of all classes are capital holiday-makers. They thoroughly enjoy the many festivals which come in the year; and, whether it be an afternoon off in the beautiful Suizengi Park; a picnic of girls beneath the ancient pines whose twisted limbs hug the ground in strange contortions, beside the Imperial Moat, in Tokio, where dark and placid water runs between the lichen-stained walls; a *jinriksha*

ride to Mississippi Bay, near Yokohama, to which Perry came half a century ago to open up Japan to the Western peoples; a visit to the theatre street of any large town; an expedition up Fuji San; or participation in one or other of the flower or similar festivals, it is just the same—the happy Japanese obtain the maximum of enjoyment out of them all.

The flowering of the cherry-tree is a national fête. When the bloom is really out—and the Japanese, old and young, gentle and simple, regard the matter with grave concern for weeks before—in Tokio, as in other towns, everyone pours across the bridges, over the canals, and thence to their holiday under the double rows of cherry-trees at Mokojima. There the people hold high festival, even the babies regarding the heavily-laden trees of pink blossom with solemnly appreciative eyes,

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JAPANESE GIRLS AMONG THE OLD PINE-TREES BESIDE THE ANCIENT IMPERIAL MOAT AT TOKIO.

into which smiles like sunlight on a landscape are soon bound to creep.

At Mukojima one sees Tokio Bank-Holidaying. There are gathered together all sorts and conditions of men, women, and children, who promenade, a laughing, merry throng, until tired, and then betake themselves to the *chaya* for tea, gossip, and rest. Even the drinking of much *saké* seems not to produce drunkenness, but only greater politeness—most amusingly impressive politeness—and a broadened smile. But the drinkers of the insidious *saké* are comparatively few. The many fathers, mothers, sons, daughters, and small children patronize the "honourable tea" and "honourable cakes," and go home after their annual Festival of the Cherry-Blossom sober and content.

Although Christmas has no meaning as a festival to the Japanese, and is merely

kept up at the foreign settlements of the large towns, and by foreign families individually, New Year's Day, on the other hand, is a native festival. One distinguishing habit of the people in relation to New Year's Day is that of paying all bills —settling up nationally, as it were, before it dawns. Anyone who fails to pay his debts prior to the New Year is considered dishonoured, unless the non-payment is directly sanctioned by his creditors. Those who cannot pay without selling things, sell; and to enable the indigent to pay their debts by means of selling their worldly possessions there is a vast fair in Tokio on New Year's Eve. There are literally miles of temporary shops or stalls, and every indigent Japanese for the time becomes a shopkeeper. These stalls are brilliantly illuminated by paper lanterns, and the crowd that wishes to sell seeks to attract

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A JAPANESE TEMPLE.

This temple is in Suizenji Park, once the seat of one of Japan's most powerful families—Kumamoto.

buyers, so that on the morrow they may possess the wherewithal to pay their debts.

This huge open market, almost deserving the description of "Rag Fair," this gathering together of odds and ends, is the preliminary of the great festival of the morrow, in which Japanese hearts, sobered by the necessity of obtaining money, will once more rejoice.

But amidst the conglomeration of articles gathered together in so many cases by people driven by hard straits to sell their own personal belongings, there is the beautiful and essential market of flowers—essential because of the decorations of the morrow.

New Year's Day in Japan provides a striking festival for the foreigner. Before each portal are decorations which, though varying in elaboration, have all symbolic meaning. On either side of the doorways

will be found the pine branches, which mean long life, arched gracefully over; in the rear of which will be found the bamboo (*take-no-iki*), in the straight stem of which, with its clearly-marked growth, the Japanese mind sees a symbol of uprightness, regular life. The bamboos are placed some little distance apart, and are spanned by a grass rope which is supposed to prevent evil from crossing the threshold, although its use is purely symbolic and does not bar the entrance of visitors, as it is always raised sufficiently high to allow anyone to pass underneath. Then often in the centre of the arch may be found the strange-looking crayfish, whose symbolical meaning is the aged bent by years, placed amongst the branches of the *yusuri*, which, by reason of the fact that the young leaves and old are found together upon the same branches, is held to symbolize the life of the family.

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A JAPANESE FISHERMAN DRAWING HIS NET.

The beautiful fronds of the *urajiro* fern are also usually found in the centre of the decorative arrangement. These grow, or rather spring, in pairs from the stem, and thus provide to the Japanese mind a symbolic idea of marriage, and the tiny leaves which are found between the fronds represent the children. The fact should be noted, however, that the Japanese mind does not regard the equal fronds as indicative of equality between the sexes.

Amid the decorations are placed *gohii*, pieces of paper cut into quaint resemblances of human beings, the mystic symbolism of which is, by some, supposed to represent the offering of the individual himself or herself to the Shintō gods, and, by others, merely to stand for offerings of valuable cloth.

Amongst the many other decorations and offerings which enter into the scheme

of New Year's Day festivities are the *dai-dai*, representing, by a play upon the words, the flourishing of the family tree; and a piece of charcoal, which, by a similar use of a double meaning, symbolizes the "homestead," or home. The seaweed called *honta wara* is also used, and is the symbol of good luck, from an incident in Japanese history of far-off times.

The last item of the decorations is a bag-like piece of white paper, drawn in by a red-and-white cord, which distinguishes a present. In it are usually things—eatables—suitable to the time of year, such as roasted chestnuts, or the fruit of the *Kaki diosphyrus*.

Sometimes, however, the decorations already mentioned are supplemented by a ship of plaited straw called *daikoko bune*, filled with ornaments, miniature sacks of grain, rice, etc., the symbolic meaning of

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A FAIR DEVOTEE COUNTING THE STONE LANTERNS AT KASUGA.

These lanterns, of which there are thousands, are in the grounds of a Shintō temple. Almost all have been votive offerings. To count them is a traditional undertaking for visitors, and said by some to be a religious exercise.

the little model ship being the offering of the first-fruits.

On the night of January 2 many Japanese cover their pillows with a rough drawing or painting of the *takara bune*, or ship of riches, in which the seven gods of wealth are depicted seated. This is believed to bring the sleeper good and lucky dreams.

There are, of course, variations in these decorations, which in some places are allowed to remain until January 6 or 7, and in others are taken down on the 3rd; but the general description we have given will do something to explain the importance which the New Year's Festival has to Japanese minds, as well as to those of Western peoples, and the symbolism which they import into it.

The New Year is a universal festival for great and small, young and old. There

are, however, festivals for the children—in few countries, indeed, are the little folk better off in this respect than in Japan—amongst which, distinguished for its picturesqueness and charm, is the Festival of the *O-hina*, or Dolls, perhaps more accurately to be described as the Festival of the Little Folk. It falls on March 3, and is the one day of the year which may be said to be consecrated to girls, who in Japan, as in most Eastern countries, occupy a position of secondary importance in the family. In all households where there are girls in Japan, towards the end of February preparations are made for the ensuing feast. From the recesses of the "safe deposits" in large towns, warehouses in which are kept the family valuables safe from fire, that terrible scourge of Japan, and from other places of safety in the smaller towns and villages, come innumerable boxes full of

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JAPANESE BABIES AT PLAY.

dolls, and all their furniture and belongings. These are duly unpacked, and set out in a room specially set apart for them. The girl owners are supposed to cook special rice, beans and sugar, and certain cakes, whilst a thick, white, syrupy wine (only drunk by the girls and their friends at this particular festival) is prepared. All these things are set out before the dolls. Their little owners are dressed in their best crape *mon-tsuki*, or ceremonial dress, on which is embroidered in the middle of the back and on the sleeves the crest of the family to which they belong, and in this dress they receive their friends and relations, and enjoy all the delights of the Festival in company with their dolls.

Those who have no dolls stored away (but they must be few) are, of course, the chief customers at the special shops, opened just before the Festival for the sale of dolls

and doll furniture. There are only three or four manufactories of *Hina* in the whole of Japan. But there are, of course, many of dolls of the ordinary kind. Nor are these special dolls, or "Little People," to be obtained all the year round. They are on sale only for a week or two before the Festival and a week or two after it. And just as the Paris doll finds a place in the dolls' nursery of the children of wealthy folk in England, and is considered the aristocrat of the doll world, the rich of Japan have their children's *Hina* from Tokio itself, where the Festival is celebrated on a magnificent scale, and the dolls are esteemed of greater merit and importance.

The collections belonging to the girls of the upper classes or wealthy families are added to almost yearly, till the "Little People" in some instances number scores, and represent characters of all kinds and

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JAPANESE LADY CROSSING THE DAIYA RIVER NEAR NIKKO.

Thousands of Japanese visit this district annually to enjoy the magnificent mountain scenery, or to worship at the ancient altars. Notice the cramped position of the girl, sitting on her feet in the mountain chair. Europeans find these chairs intolerable.

degrees of importance in the social scale. There are dolls of the Imperial family, dancing girls, singing girls, acrobats, charming *musumés* in miniature, with slender figures and the pale oval faces which represent the ideal of Japanese beauty, soldier dolls, and even tiny fluffy dog dolls. To possess a varied and numerous collection is not only the sign of wealth, but, surely it is needless to add, is the ambition of every little Japanese girl.

This *Hina* Festival is one of the most interesting of the many curious and beautiful customs of Japan, and in it there is far more than is at first apparent to the foreigner.

Like several other customs of Japanese life, it is supposed to have been brought over from China, and formerly was known by other names, the most appropriate and

picturesque of which was *Tokuasetsu*, or the Festival of the Peach-Blossom, on account of the time of year at which it takes place.

It was out of several ancient ceremonies of a religious character that the present Doll Festival has sprung. That it is of ancient origin is certain, as it has been traced back for a period of more than 1,400 years. The first reference to its celebration is in the reign of the Emperor Bidatsu, A.D. 572. Since then *Hina matsuri* has been celebrated in every household in the Empire of Japan.

From festival to funeral may appear a considerable jump, but in certain parts of the country the two ideas are almost synonymous. When an aged or respected Japanese dies, his "august departure" is the excuse—nay, rather say the reason—for rejoicing and feasting. The friends of

the family of the departed come to the house, most of them bringing something. The more wealthy bring money, others cakes, *saké*, plums in sugar, or various eatables. Others present beautiful flowers arranged with exquisite taste in bamboo tubes or vases. Each comes and bows before the household shrine, and as they bow they place their hands together as though in prayer. Then they lay their offerings on the floor before the little shrine, and after this the feasting commences, and often lasts till the middle of the next day. Some travellers have sought to find an analogy between this funeral feast of the Japanese and an Irish "wake," but the parallel is by no means clearly traceable.

On the following day the priests come, and the body is placed in a huge vase with fragrant flowers and leaves packed in closely

around it, which next day is usually placed in a white box, and covered with a white cloth. Then it is borne away by white-robed attendants from the temple. Walking in advance of the jar are often a number of singers, also attired in white, carrying bells. And thus in procession, with the mourners following, the body is taken to the temple. The vase is then placed upon the altar, whilst the priests chant a service. Each guest during the chanting advances in turn, and, after bowing to the priests, kneels before the bier, and taking a pinch of incense from a bowl drops it on to the fire of a charcoal brazier. Then, after another prostration, the guest returns to his place amongst the other mourners. Then the vase is removed to the crematorium, and after the body has been removed from it, and has been carefully and reverently wrapped in white, it is slid by the priests

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WATCHING AN ERUPTION OF THE ASO-SAN VOLCANO.

This volcano is the largest in the world, the old crater measuring 14 miles in diameter. Notice the steam rising in scalding clouds. The reddish mud which comes from the volcano is a rheumatic cure.

into the furnace, and its reduction to ashes can be watched by the relatives.

Whilst the body is being consumed, the guests feast, and drink *saké* and talk of the virtues of the dead, and if the cremation is speedy and thorough it is esteemed a matter for congratulation.

A gruesome sort of festival, it must be admitted, but comprehensible when one remembers that for the Japanese there is neither hope nor fear of a future existence, only a philosophic acceptance of death as a natural end to life.

Of the future of this fascinating land, in which the medieval spirit, myths, and extraordinary customs seem inextricably mixed with the most modern ideas of warfare and commerce, who can speak with certainty? Those, however, who have watched her progress during the last few ears will have little doubt but that the

The Future of Japan

Japan of the future, whilst preserving much of the quaint simplicity of the Japan of the past, will speak with no uncertain voice in the destinies of the East, and possibly even of the Western world as well.

Patriotism has moulded the destinies of most of the great empires the world has yet seen, and patriotism is the life-blood and very heart of hearts of Japan. Her future, then, is sure to be of profound interest, and may be momentous indeed.

THE END

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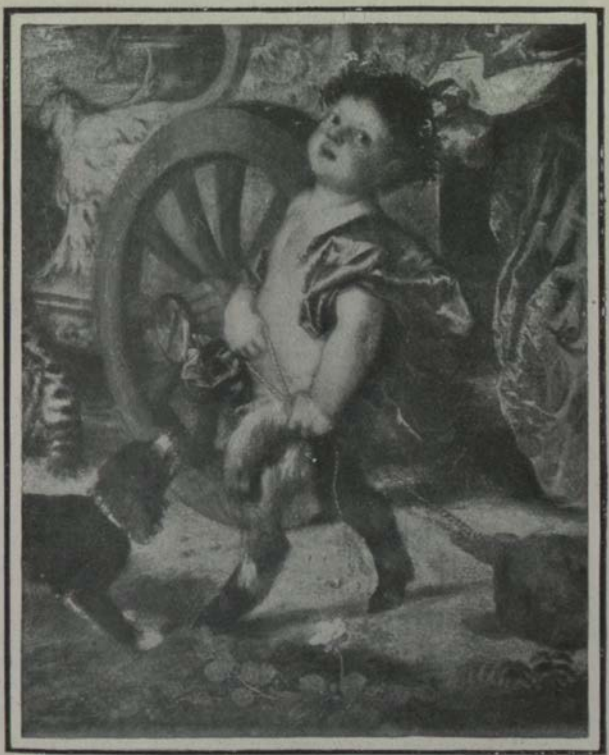

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